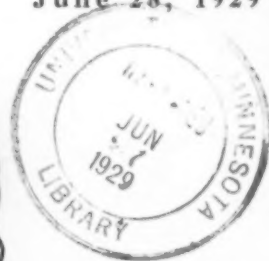


NEW YORK LIFE ~ In this issue

June 28, 1929

Life

10¢



Grandmother's Clock

IT TAKES 10 OTHER CARS TO GIVE YOU THESE STUTZ ADVANTAGES

AND STUTZ STILL HAS 4 MAJOR FEATURES ALL ITS OWN

It is an unwritten law of automobile advertising not to print a competitor's name ... All right—Stutz will play by rule.

But the fact that ten different features are separately advertised by ten different cars—the fact that each of these features is somewhere made the substance of a whole advertising campaign—can hardly keep us from saying, "You get ALL TEN on the Stutz—and you get many more major features on Stutz and Blackhawk cars—which only these two cars combine."

Here are the features. If you've liked them on some other car—see what goes with them on a Stutz.

Car "A"—VALVE-IN-HEAD—The Stutz eight cylinder motor has always been a valve-in-head, freed from the noise of rocker arms.

Car "B"—SAFETY GLASS ALL AROUND—For four years, this has been a part of Stutz leadership in safety.

Car "C"—4-SPEED TRANSMISSION—There's something worth talking about. We predict that cars without this improvement will be as obsolete as cars without four-wheel brakes, within less than two years. Stutz and Blackhawk give you a transmission with four forward speeds.

Car "D"—DUAL CARBURETION. Car "E"—DOUBLE-DROP FRAME. Car "F"—ONE-THRUST LUBRICATION. Car "G"—TWIN IGNITION. Car "H"—RYAN-LITES—these features are all on the Stutz.

Car "I"—OVERHEAD CAM—192 wearing surfaces are eliminated by this Stutz feature used in only one other American car—and it sells for three times the price.

Car "J"—WORM DRIVE—The adoption of this superior final drive has made Stutz

and Blackhawk safety possible. This type of drive is used on costly European cars.

STUTZ LOW-WEIGHTED SAFETY—The greatest advance in car design since the engine was moved from beneath the seat and put under the hood. Stutz lowers the floor line 20%—which gives the lowest center of gravity on any American car.

STUTZ NOBACK—Automatically keeps the Stutz and Blackhawk from rolling backwards—makes it as easy to shift gears or accelerate from a standing start on any upgrade as it is on the level.

STUTZ BOOSTER BRAKES—Operate with the lightest pedal pressure—and antequate existing standards of deceleration.

STUTZ SIDE-BUMPER RUNNING BOARDS—Stutz and Blackhawk running boards are of heavy steel, integral with the frame instead of being suspended on fragile brackets—a tremendous protection for car and passengers in case of side collision.

What a combination of safety with performance!

NO WONDER STUTZ AND BLACKHAWK SALES have increased 172% this year in that criterion market—New York! In its concepts of beauty—in its haughty command of every road—Stutz is a leader which appeals to leaders. This is eloquently recorded in the fact that New Yorkers have increased their orders for the Stutz 172% over the same period last year.

Take the wheel of one of these remarkable cars—drive it any distance—and we predict that "Stutz" or "Blackhawk" will be your next car's name.

STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY OF AMERICA, INC., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Stutz is priced at \$3395 to \$6895 f. o. b. factory; Blackhawk prices, recently reduced, are \$2395 to \$2735—the greatest values in motordom



STUTZ AND BLACKHAWK CARS

NO OTHER AUTOMOBILE COMPANY CAN TRUTHFULLY SIGN THIS ADVERTISEMENT



Putting 252 Shoulders to the Wheel

BOUNCE a weight on a strong man's shoulders. How does he take the shock? By flexing the knees. That's the theory of the Mohawk Flat Tread Special Balloon. 252 broad shoulders take the brunt of the blows. 252 massive buttresses carry the shocks to the "knees" of the tire—the 6-ply walls that are built for flexing. This scientifically correct tire grips the road, spreads the load, saves the tread, absorbs the shocks . . . requires 15% lower air pressure, which immensely increases traction and riding ease. Look for the buttressed shoulders, the distinguishing mark of a distinguished tire.

Featured by Quality Tire Dealers Everywhere

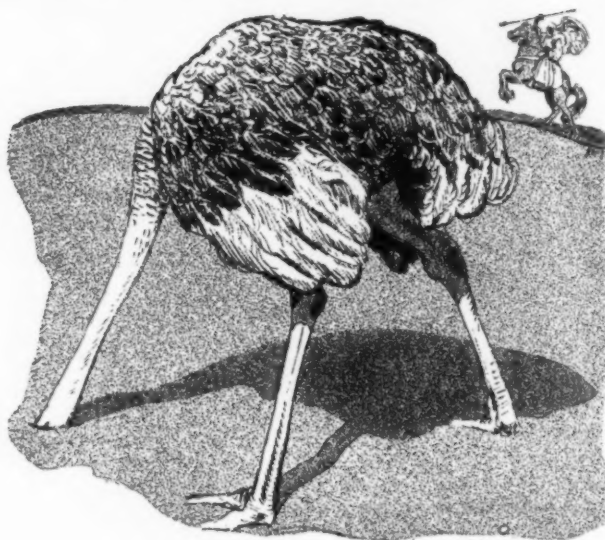
MOHAWKS *GO Farther!*

THE MOHAWK RUBBER COMPANY . . . AKRON, OHIO

For Sixteen Years Makers of Fine Tires

Cancer—Ostriches

THE old notion that ostriches have the habit of hiding their heads in the sand in time of danger has been disproved again and again. Nevertheless the expression "hiding his head in the sand like an ostrich" aptly describes the man who seeks to avoid danger by refusing to recognize it when it comes.



© 1929, M. L. I. Co.

EACH year thousands of people die of cancer—needlessly—because they accept as true some of the mistaken beliefs about this disease.

No. 1—That every case of cancer is hopeless. *It is not.*

No. 2—That cancer should be concealed because it results from a blood taint and is disgraceful. *It is not.*

No. 3—That nature can conquer a malignant cancer unaided. *It can not.*

No. 4—That cancer can be cured with medicine, with a serum or with some secret procedure. *It can not.*

Many cancer patients are neglected or avoided because of the mistaken belief that cancer is contagious. *It is not.*

Be on Watch for First Signs of Cancer

Be suspicious of all abnormal lumps or swellings or sores that refuse to heal, or unusual discharges from any part of the body. Do not neglect any strange growth. Look out for moles, old scars, birthmarks or warts that change in shape, appearance or size.

If you have jagged or broken teeth, have them smoothed off or removed. Continued irritation of the tongue or any other part of the body is often the beginning of cancer trouble.

In its early stages, various kinds of cancer yield to skilful use of surgery, radium or x-rays. Frequently a combination of surgery

and x-rays or radium saves lives that would otherwise be lost. But with all their skill and with their splendid records of success, the best doctors in the world are powerless unless their aid is sought in time.

Beware of Plausible Quacks

Because cancer is usually spoken of furtively or in confidence, and because its nature and origin are largely shrouded in mystery, quacks and crooked institutions reap a cruel harvest. They prey upon the fear and ignorance of those who do not know the facts concerning cancer. They are often successful in making people believe that they have cancer when they have not. Later, with a great flourish, they boast of their "cures".

Gratefully the patients of the fakers, first thoroughly alarmed, later entirely reassured, are glad to sign testimonials with which new victims are trapped. Beware of those who advertise cancer cures.

An annual physical examination by your family physician, or the expert to whom he sends you, may be the means of detecting cancer in its early stages. Do not neglect it.

Send for the Metropolitan's booklet, "A Message of Hope". Address Booklet Department, 79-F, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York, N. Y.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK
Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

Life



The Idle Class.



"What's the matter?"
"I've just had a six months nightmare!"

And did you know they've discovered a new insect called the golf moth? It does eighteen holes a day.

Call her snippy if you choose, but everyone likes the girl who steps down the street with her head tilted back like an aviator's wife.



"It's a lucky thing for us, Bill, that elephants can't climb trees!"

If you want something to do on a rainy afternoon in winter, you can sit around and eat nuts. In summer, you can pick the pins out of a new shirt.

READING LAMP: An article of furniture placed anywhere in the room except near the easy chair.

Any boy may grow up and find himself vice-president of a huge concern, if he isn't very careful.



Scott Shots

Laugh and the world laughs with you, unless you do it over the radio.

Tobacco farmers have nothing to worry about. It looks like a pretty good indorsement crop this year.

Some of the movie actors in Hollywood are pretty wild, but most of them eventually marry a few times and settle down.

Rounder's Motto: A good beginning is half the bottle.

Love is blind to everything but fat.

People generally say "how true" to something that isn't.

If ignorance is bliss we know a lot of people who must be very happy.
—W. W. Scott.

Along about the middle of the week, things quiet down so that the children drop by home to spend the night.

Crying Necessities

Handkerchief.
Mirror.
Rouge.
Face Powder.
A shoulder.

The good old-fashioned town band had its points. You never had to take any station announcements with it.



"Good-by, Emma, I've
got to sneeze."

Fruit is high in New York. A dozen medium-sized oranges, Florida or California, cost about three dollars. This is, counting in the price of the gin.

Imagine building the pyramids without stopping to smoke even one cigarette!

It Sims To Me

Only a flagpole-sitter can hide behind a woman's skirts now.

A filling-station owner tells us that tourists stop for free crank-case service, free information, free air, free water, and to blame him for the condition of the roads.

Cabbage is friendly. When you try to cook cabbage in an apartment it soon gets up and down the hall to visit the neighbors.

The one great drawback to summer is that some of us don't look as well in bathing suits as we did in overcoats.

On Sundays we prefer the automobile to a visit to the movies. Better sitting in line than standing.

—Tom Sims.

"Lover come back to me!"





*Izzy, the notorious banana bandit is pinched. They found his finger-prints
on the banana peels.*



Short Stories of Life



Closed for the Summer

By Stanley Jones

YOU can't expect to live on as old a street as this, just north of the Square, for less, young man."

The landlady's chilblained eye roamed out the window and rested on the ancient brick three-story directly across.

"That there house, for instance, has been quality since before the Draft Riots. There's been Schuylers in it—direct line of descent—since Dan Drew and Gould milked the railruds. They've seen this town grow up from quiet streets and tally-hos to,—all this."

She flipped a bony finger at the concrete, and the sleek town-cars, and the thundering trucks which frightened the net curtains into a sudden trembling.

"Is there anyone living in it now?"

She nodded solemnly, held up one finger.

"Mr. Pomeroy Schuyler, and him the last living one. Always in black, and they do say as how it's gotten pretty shiny along the seams these last few years."

"What does he do?"

Mrs. Earley gestured vaguely. "Oh, manages his prop'ty—what there is left, I guess. They do say, the other old families along the street, that they don't see how Mr. Pomeroy can afford to close up Number Twenty-eight and go 'way for the summer, same's the Schuylers have done since the first ones moved in. But he always manages it, somehow."

"It's a pity," I said, piecing out the picture in my mind. "Well, I'll take the room for a month, anyway."

With all the pressure of work in a blistering summer I could not erase

the picture of that old man from my memory.

Mrs. Earley had been right about the closing-up, at any rate. For on June second the beautiful white Georgian doorway was no more than a close-fitting frame of planks and a line

ing his straitened circumstances with the uniform of a doorman. Or behind the desk of a shore resort which he knew was safe from friends of a happier day. Even existing in some hall-bedroom.

One night toward the end of July I wandered into a delicatessen near Ninth Avenue.

"Here y'are, boss," the Italian was saying, as he handed over a paper bag. "I send 'em around if you want, you know."

"Thanks, I'll carry them. I need the exercise. Good-night."

Not until he was past me, with his firm, measured step, did I recognize him. The erect head, the spare shoulders. Even the black suit, the shine cruelly evident beneath the flaring counter light. I stood stock-still.

"What's yours, Mister?"

"Er—nothing. I'll be back."

Keeping the tall figure within easy distance, I retraced practically the same course which had brought me to the store. Not until we came to our street did he branch off. Then he walked around the block, to a point which must have been almost in the rear of Number Twenty-eight. Here he threw a quick, searching glance up and down the deserted street. I slipped into a doorway.

Hurrying out, I reached the narrow alley into which he had vanished, and felt my way to its end.

A board fence, with a small latched door. A yard—in the pale moonlight I could see that it had once been beautiful—the dark piazza which I knew for the rear of tenantless Number Twenty-eight. What was its master about, in this furtive and fugitive return to the city? Heart thumping, I crept up to one of the blank windows.

Through a crack in a drawn shade I saw the tall figure of an old man, worn and proud, wearily busying himself with a can of tomato soup, a loaf of bread, a few slices of cold roast beef. And in this same back room, a bed (neatly turned down), a faded dressing-gown, and stacks of worn books. . . .



in the society columns announced that Mr. Pomeroy Schuyler had closed his house and was away for the Summer.

I tried to visualize him. In some small mountain resort, perhaps, cover-

The greatest trouble with some of us is that we try to get away for the week-end on stay-at-home salaries.



"Do you mind if I call you Ruth?"

Mud Lake News

Miss Sophronia Gates, from Ohio, has taken a rocker for the next two weeks at Pier Cottage.

All kinds of bait at the Swan Dock Pharmacy: Rouge, Lip-Sticks, Powder, Skin-Foods, Latest Cut in Bathing Suits.—Advt.

Manager Hicks, of Sand Beach, has put in a tub at the Pavilion so that customers can wash after bathing.

A hop was held at the Gully House Saturday evening, and on Monday three guests jumped their board bills. Six bottles of pre-war Peruna, found on the shelves of Timms' store, will be auctioned off.

Never envy a neighbor his fine automobile. If he has a luxurious limousine, so much the better. Sooner or later he'll slam a door on his finger.

It's a very nice world and living in it is more fun every day, but about all you can hope to make out of it is expenses.

We don't know what electricity really is, and you don't know, and the scientists don't know. That's why the electric company sends you a bill for a number of "watts?"



DISTRACTED HUMANITARIAN:
For the sake of future generations, won't you please eat your carrots?

It would seem that what our ancestors fought for was freedom of the press agent.



"Hm—wish I had some mustard an' a roll."

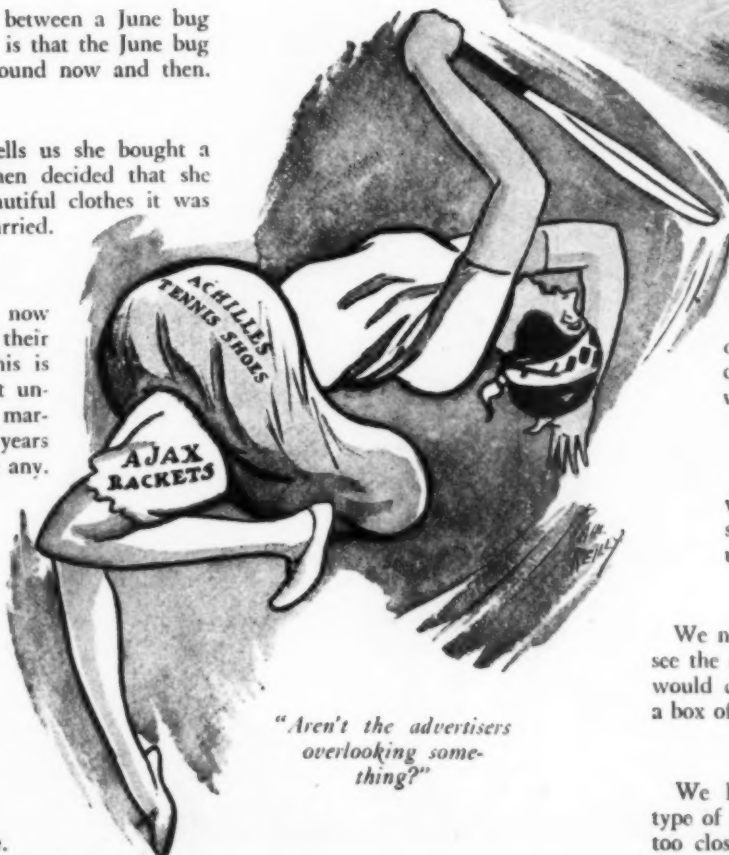
These Here Brides

The difference between a June bug and a June bride is that the June bug stops buzzing around now and then.

A debutante tells us she bought a trousseau, and then decided that she had so many beautiful clothes it was foolish to get married.

Few brides now have trouble with their first biscuits. This is because they wait until they have been married ten or twelve years before they make any.

We don't know much calculus or astronomy, but it's simple arithmetic that if two can live as cheaply as one, five or six can live on almost nothing.
—Bennie Benson.



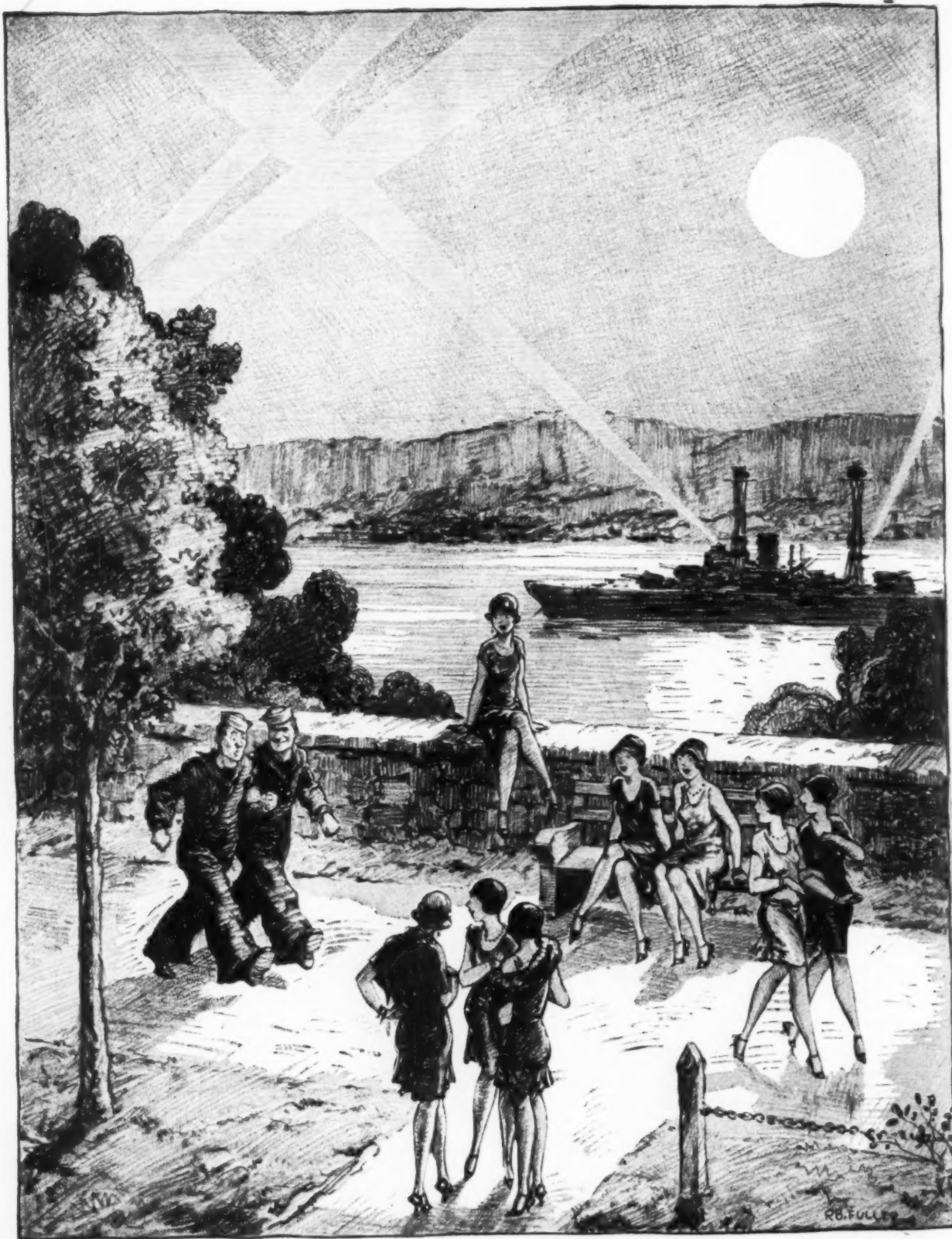
"Aren't the advertisers overlooking something?"

Fruit and vegetable peddlers use autos now. In the wagons they had, one couldn't turn a corner quick enough after selling a woman a cantaloupe.

Some day, we hope, a genius will come along and invent something that will make golf unnecessary.

We never thought we would live to see the day when a bride's hope chest would contain a muzzle, a leash and a box of puppy biscuits.

We like the slender and willowy type of woman if she doesn't resemble too closely the weeping willow.



Heaven help the sailors on a night like this!

Life at Home



CHICAGO—One result of Mrs. Helen Johnson's suit to divorce Arthur Johnson was the writing into the court records of several new Scotch stories.

Mrs. Johnson set forth through her attorney that her husband was Scotch; that is:

He wouldn't permit her to use the vacuum cleaner for fear it would wear out the rugs.

He would set his alarm clock, then awaken before it rang, shutting it off to save the spring.

He would take the clock to his mother's room upstairs, thus saving the expense of a second clock.

On July 4, the complaint went on, Johnson did not buy firecrackers, but celebrated the day by going around the house shouting "boom!" On the same day, states Mrs. Johnson, her husband struck her in the face, which is why she left him.

PIKESVILLE, Ky.—The following advertisement appeared in a Pikesville newspaper: "Notice: I hereby notify a certain family on Ferguson creek to quit sending men to my place to buy liquor, as I have quit the business, and they are able to take care of the customers themselves."

BOSTON—Thirteen copies of Voltaire's "Candide" were seized as obscene by Collector of Port Lufkin, backed, it is said, by Treasury officials at Washington.

COLUMBUS, Ind.—As an inducement to attend Sunday School at the Tabernacle Church, a coat hanger was promised to every person present. At the end of the services, a neat package was handed to each one. It contained a nail.

KANSAS CITY—More than seven hundred gallons of alcohol remaining from a dry raid here will be used next winter to keep police automobile radiators from freezing.

NEW YORK CITY—"Pussyfoot" Johnson brings these drinking notes from abroad: There is hard drinking in Germany, harder in England, the hardest of all in France where most drunks are Americans. Denmark is the driest and there isn't any liquor on the Dollar Line ships as Congressman La Guardia said there was.

CHICAGO—Superior Court Clerk Szymczak reports that almost 40% of Chicago marriages end in divorce. For the first quarter of 1929, there were 5,300 divorce actions as against 11,482 marriages.

SIKESTON, Mo.—A tornado which demolished the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hargraves, twelve miles east of Sikeston, carried Mrs. Hargraves' school diploma across the Mississippi River to Broughton, Ill., eighty miles away. The paper was found recently by Mrs. Lillie Kerr.
That's further than most diplomas go.

NEWARK, N. J.—Lawrence Townsend, parachute jumper, floated into a tree on W. E. Franck's property, and was arrested for trespassing, as were two men who ran to his assistance.

HOLLYWOOD, Calif.—Peculiarities of speech are worth good money here. Director George Fitzmaurice says he paid a good lisper \$50 for a day's work, and that a first class stutterer can get \$100. They are called "character voices." *So that's where all these talkie actors come from!*

CHICAGO—The gunman and the gangster through "racketeering" are actually in control of more than ninety necessary economic activities in Chicago, according to the organized crime survey report which is being published.

KANSAS CITY—Because the strawberry season in the Ozarks is in full swing Judge Emery Smith at Cassville released three prisoners so that they might help pick berries. They will return to jail when the season is over.

INDIANAPOLIS—Mrs. Ascencion Gradewell, thirty-eight, told her husband that she'd shoot herself rather than be divorced. He departed. She retired to a shed in the rear of the house and neighbors heard four shots. They rushed in and found her clutching the revolver. She had missed every time. An hour later she was fined a dollar and costs for shooting within the city limits.

Life Abroad

LONDON—"I think we ought to have a great deal more of the work done by women," said Miss Herring, of London, at the Post Office Workers' Conference in Eastbourne. "We should dominate, or at least be fifty-fifty."

TORONTO—Dr. J. W. Gillon, at the closing meeting of the third annual conference of the Fundamental Baptist Young People's Association of Ontario and Quebec said:

"No man or woman is fit to be a church member who goes to the movies, and every preacher who goes ought to be turned out of his church."

"The picture house lays its hand on the unborn babe and never lets loose till it kicks it into hell."

"I read the other day that every child whose progenitors have attended movies for two generations will be born blind and an idiot."

LONDON—Mrs. Lohn Purdy wants a separation from "the laziest man on earth." She said: "He is so lazy that once he was too tired to take off his old trousers when I bought him a new pair. He just put the new ones on over the old, and walked about like that."



"My dear, I must get the name of your dog's tailor!"



Why not a little "death control?"

Little Rambles With Serious Thinkers

No one ever heard of a real farmer who had anything even remotely approaching public spirit.

—H. L. Mencken.

I am quite certain that I am smoking myself to death but I don't care.

—Beverley Nichols.

Henry Ford is a physical-culturist. He eats no breakfast.

—Bernarr Macfadden.

Human beings must be full-grown before they can enjoy "mush."

—Aldous Huxley.

I am opposed to intolerance.

—Senator Heflin.

The sod is more permanently useful on a graveyard than on a golf-course.

—Arthur Brisbane.

I am too happy to think of getting married again.

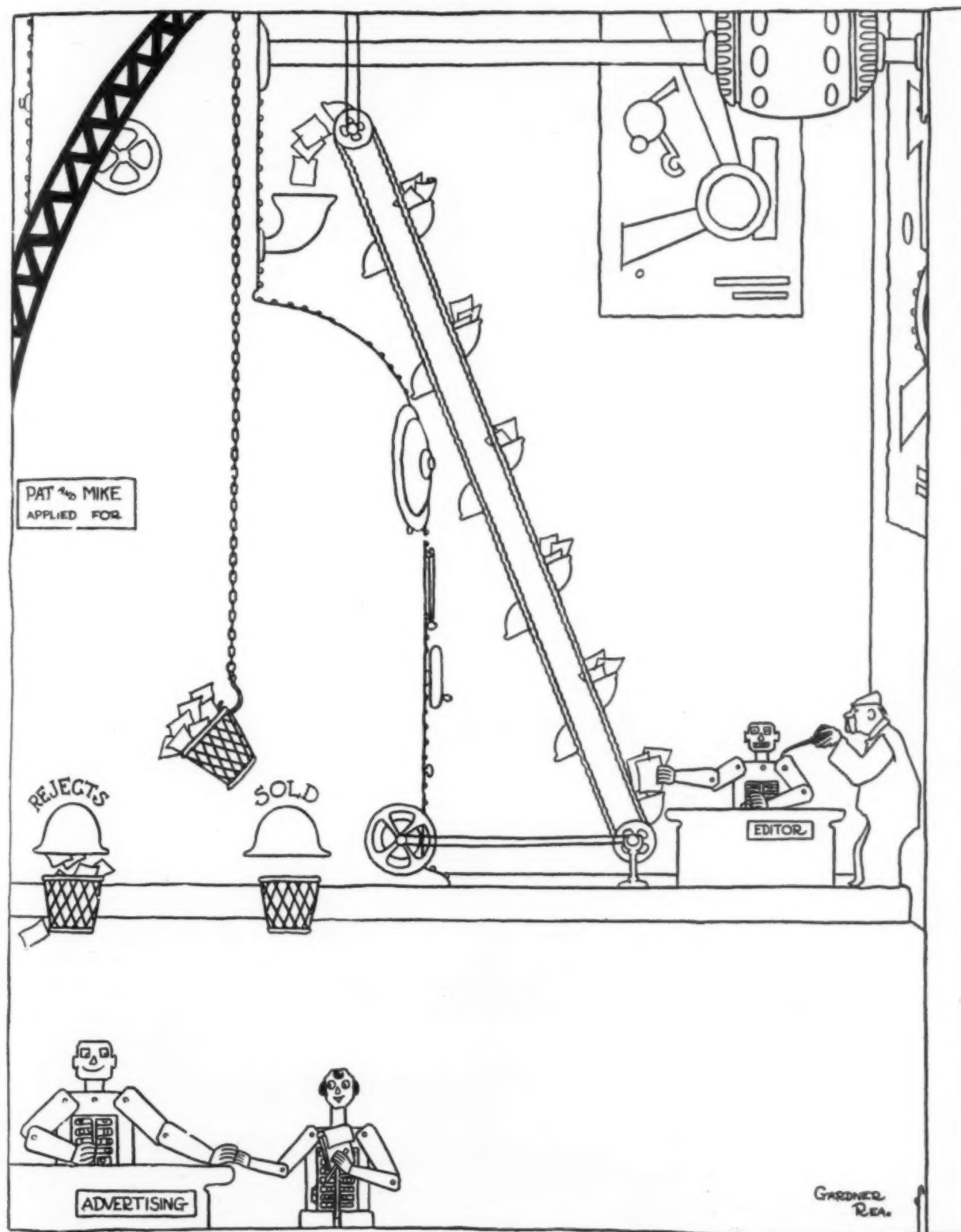
—Peggy Joyce.

The millionaire gets far more real satisfaction by hobnobbing with old companions who are not on his financial level than he derives from his associates of equal wealth.

—Dr. S. Parkes Cadman.

One of the main reasons why more women do not drive farther is the fact that they do not hit the ball hard enough.

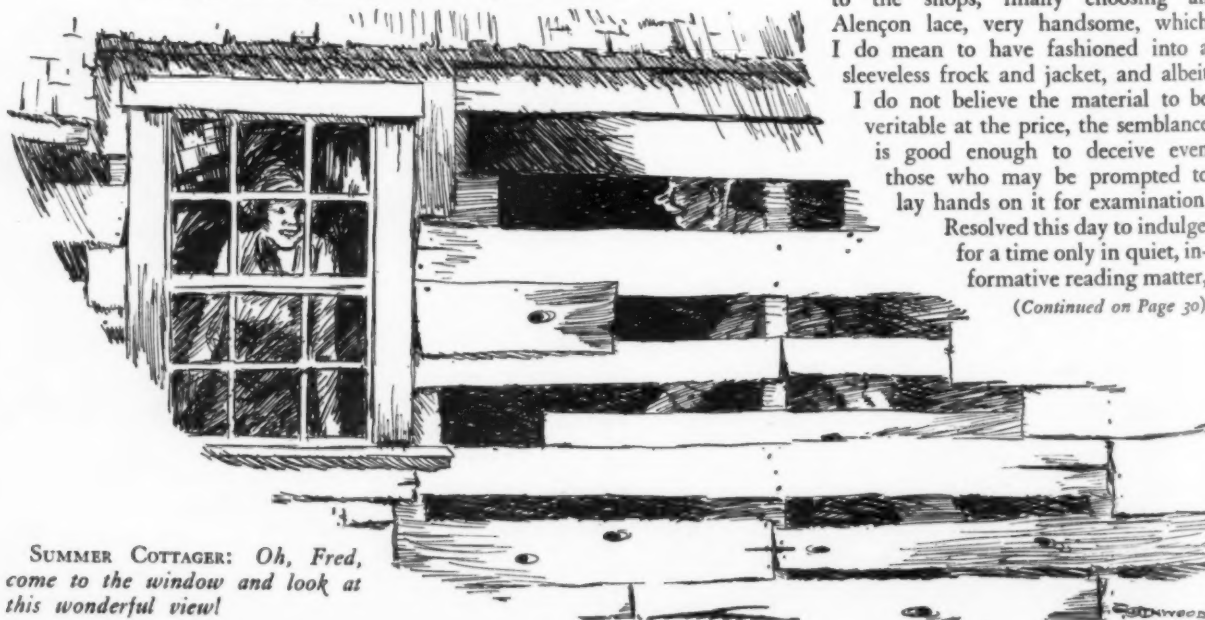
—Glenna Collett.



Impressions of Magazine Offices.
Popular Mechanics.



Indoor Sports.
That fine old English game, "Cricket-on-the-hearth."



SUMMER COTTAGER: Oh, Fred, come to the window and look at this wonderful view!

Mrs. Pep's Diary

JUNE 5—Abed far too long, fully mindful of the adage that he who rises late must trot all day, but I am now in that pleasant state of hav-

ing a great deal to do, but nothing which needs absolutely to be done, the surest safeguard against ennui that I know. So lay pondering the scheme of my funeral, including the hymns to be sung thereat, for I do mean to have a spirited processional, and no solemn clumping-in of choir boys, and those present, moreover, are to lift their voices to such tunes as "Wake, My Soul, and Stretch Thy Wings" and "I Heard a Sound of Voices Around the Great White Throne," suitable but not melancholy, concluding conventionally with "Onward Christian Soldiers," in which I do think S. Baring-Gould served Sir Arthur Sullivan as well as Gilbert might have, and I am sorry now that I shall not be alive to hear it. In this connection, I was minded of one of our leading playwrights, and how a wag at his obsequies had remarked that the Biblical lesson delivered over his remains was the only script he had ever heard read in his presence, which he did not arise and assert to be a plagiarism from his own works. Suddenly aware that I have nought unimpeachably appropriate to wear to a wedding or other formal afternoon function, up and off to the shops, finally choosing an Alençon lace, very handsome, which I do mean to have fashioned into a sleeveless frock and jacket, and albeit I do not believe the material to be veritable at the price, the semblance is good enough to deceive even those who may be prompted to lay hands on it for examination. Resolved this day to indulge for a time only in quiet, informative reading matter,

(Continued on Page 30)

Graham Crackers

Arrangements are being made to wire this first little wheeze for sound. H. L. Mencken (to Jim Tully): "James! Bring me my rap!"

And now, to return again to a world of tapioca and tabloids. What with the recent popularity of colored marble in bathroom construction it occurs to us that perhaps the new trend could be carried further. Cemeteries are rather prosaic places just at present. . . .

Hilarious Headlines For Tired Tabloiders.

High Strung Banjo Player Picks Wife to Pieces Aftermath of Marital Discord

The more advertisements we read the more we are inclined to believe that if George Washington had been a copy writer that famous old Cherry Tree Myth would have been a whopper. It would have read, "I cannot tell a lie . . . I've been in the advertising racket too long."

Short Cuts to Suicide

Ask any professional humorist, "Where in the world or how do you think of all those funny ideas?"

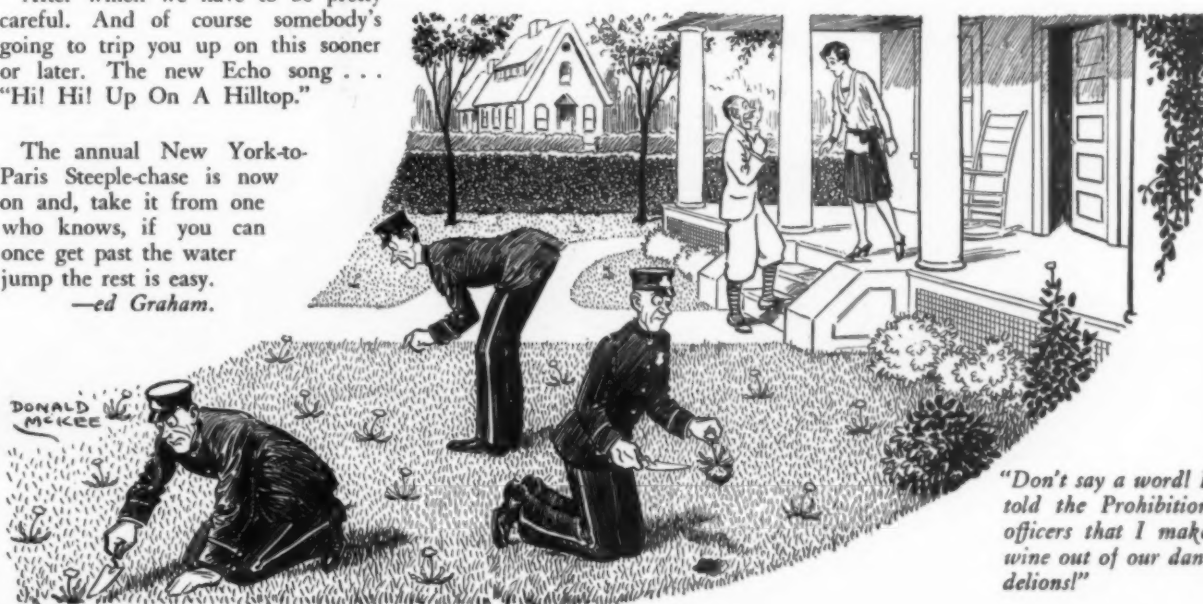
After which we have to be pretty careful. And of course somebody's going to trip you up on this sooner or later. The new Echo song . . . "Hi! Hi! Up On A Hilltop."

The annual New York-to-Paris Steeple-chase is now on and, take it from one who knows, if you can once get past the water jump the rest is easy.

—ed Graham.



OFFICER: Wrong guy. The fella we're lookin' for gives off more of a "plink!"



"Don't say a word! I told the Prohibition officers that I make wine out of our dandelions!"





Can you think of a Title for this Picture?

1st Prize \$500
2nd Prize \$250
3rd Prize \$100
4th to 9th Prizes
\$25 Each



Contest Instructions on Page 28

LIFE'S Camps for Needy Children

Eddie lives on Houston Street. Have you ever seen Houston Street? Eddie could tell you all about it—how whole families are cooped in single rooms to stifle in the sultry heat, how they dangle from the windows to catch a breath of the hot, damp air that rises from the sweltering street below. Eddie knows because he has spent nine of his ten summers on Houston Street.

But last summer Eddie and his friend Joey, who lives on Livingston Street, learned that there are lovelier greens than the languishing vegetables that wilt on the push-carts. At LIFE's camp for boys at Pottersville, N. J., they romped and played and swam and hiked, free and uncramped, and forgot for the while the grimy walls that shut the light and air out of Houston Street.

Eddie and Joey are wondering: Will they get a chance to go again this summer? It depends on you. Will they have sixteen glorious days of fun and clean, healthful, outdoor living (for which the small sum of twenty dollars will provide) or must they stay in the dingy, over-crowded tenement? They want to go again; they have been hoping all winter for the chance. Just read an excerpt from one of Eddie's letters to his counsellor, who is also his "big brother" and his friend.

Dear Uncle Bill,

I'm reading the book you sent me for my birthday. Gee, it's great. It must be great to have a motor-boat and go on trips all summer. But, I'd bet you, Uncle Bill, they don't have a better time than we did last summer. Every time I remember Joey and that bottle of milk I laugh. Joey's mother

is sick. They are going to send her away.

Gee, Uncle Bill, I hope we can go again next summer.

Yours truly,

Eddie.

Don't you *want* to make his hope come true? You would if you had seen Eddie the day he came to camp, pale, scrawny and tired-looking and then had met him three weeks later, after a nourishing diet and plenty of milk and vegetables had brought color into his cheeks and new vitality into his body.

And the joy of it is that it takes so little to accomplish so much. Only twenty dollars will pay for sixteen days for Eddie at the Pottersville, N. J., camp or for a little girl at the Branchville, Conn., camp. Smaller sums can be added to other smaller sums—every bit helps. Please make out a check, (and please make it out soon so that the next heat-wave will find Eddie and Joey in the cool swimmin' hole and not on the blistering pavements of New York) to LIFE's *Fresh Air Fund*, 598 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C.

—I. M.

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past forty-two years. In that time it has expended \$476,000.00 and has given a happy holiday in the country to 52,000 poor city children.

Twenty dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded, hot city. Won't you help?

Contributions (which are acknowledged in LIFE about four weeks after their receipt) should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$3,087.50
Members of the A. N. A. at French	
Lick	115.00
Alfred M. Low, Detroit	25.00
G. D. Emerson, New Port Richey,	
Fla.	10.00
Douglas L. Elliman, New York	20.00
B. E. Levy, New York	50.00
H. C. R., Rye, N. Y.	25.00

\$3,332.50



Cravats at half-mast in honor of John P. Nukkel, the deceased neckwear-king.



Intimate Moments with Famous People.
Sabin Carr forgets his key.

New York Life



How To Get in The Swim (In Ten Easy Lessons) Or What Every Young Girl Should Know



THE M. I. T. Professor who advised his boys to be snobs was without doubt handing out the right dope but why did he overlook the dear gels? . . . after all they, too, have their way to make in the world, some of them even without the aid of a college education, (This includes *Vassar* and *Smith*) and if they don't mind their dollars and cents how can they ever expect to live on *Park Avenue* or the corresponding street in their home town?

Snobson's Choice

Many of our best femmes are born healthy and wise but alas, not wealthy and are compelled to work for a living BUT if they follow *Professor Rogers'* advice and hobnob with naught but the elite, they are assured of a place in the sun at *Deauville*, *Biarritz*, *Monte Carlo*, *Palm Beach* and all points East. . .

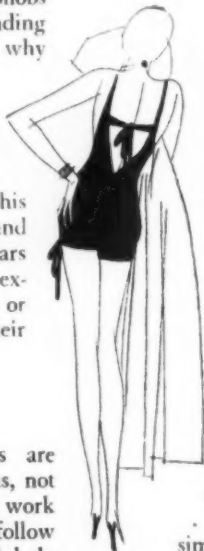


"But how," cry fifty thousand expectant mothers, "can our poor daughters accomplish this?" . . . "Simple as rolling off a yacht," says *Knickerbocker, Jr.*, leaping to the rescue with

thirteen (count 'em) bathing beauties designed and executed by *Russell Ziegfeld Patterson*.

Lesson I

If your daughter is a good strong swimmer, give her a pair of field glasses and tell her to stand on the bank of *Long Island Sound* and keep her weather eye open for a snappy launch . . . after selecting a particularly swanky one, she must wait until high-tide, which is about fifty minutes after the cocktail hour, and then swim out to it . . . upon reaching its side yell loudly for help . . . she will be rescued immediately and if she has timed her act properly, the host and guests will think she is a member of the party that has fallen overboard . . . the rest is simple.

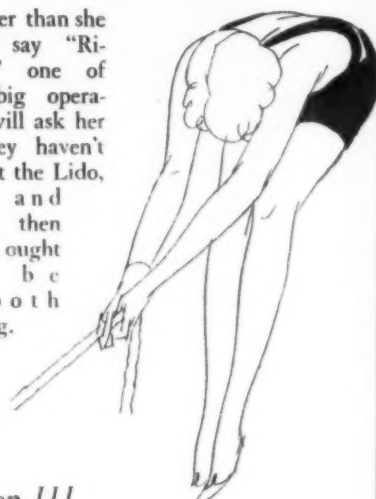


Lesson II

Have your daughter disguise herself as a revenue officer and frequent our better class speakeasies . . . all she has to do now is to listen to the men customers talk and she can quickly tell who has the most money . . . in fact, if the little lady has good ears she may stand outside the speakeasy and hear them . . . having allocated the correct *Dunn & Bradstreet* boys, all she has to do is change her costume and act like a debutant, that is, stand up to the bar with one foot on the rail, talk loudly and drink her liquor straight . . .



quicker than she can say "*Riviera*" one of the big operators will ask her if they haven't met at the Lido, etc., and from then on it ought to be smooth sailing.



Lesson III

Have daughter get a job in the chorus of some big show after which she must marry a chorus boy or some nice shoe clerk . . . shoot him as quickly and dramatically as possible and then sign a vaudeville or movie contract . . . the rest is simple. (If daughter is at all clever any one of these first three lessons ought to suffice but if they don't, send one thousand dollars in cash for the remaining seven lessons).

The Nose-Dive

Here is a speakeasy on the thirtieth floor of a mid-town office-building which caters presumably to aviators . . . at any rate most of the customers seem to be high-flyers . . . the name of the place is *The Hangar* (it should be *Hangover*) but I prefer my own title



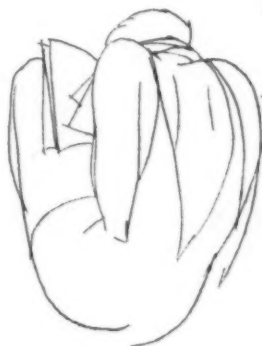


... the aviation atmosphere is obtained by having toy aeroplanes hanging from the ceiling and propellers in the shape of numerous electric fans... there are also many alleged souvenirs from famous planes and insignia said to have been left by aviators on endurance flights... the best drink in the place is "The Spirit of St. Louis," which is whiskey with a beer chaser... I don't think Lindbergh has

ever been in the place.

Prize Story

Russell Patterson, America's foremost delineator of smart people, at the suggestion of Knickerbocker, Jr., called at the Central Park Casino the day before it opened, with the idea of making some pretty sketches of this newly Urbanized resort of the elite for this depart-

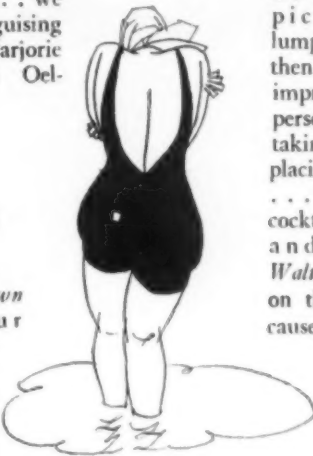


ment... arriving at his destination he was told by the gentleman at the door to wait outside... after waiting patiently for some time, another gentleman peeked out and asked him what he wanted and if he was selling books or something... M. Patterson timidly explained his errand at which the gent yelled "Ah, come back some other time!"... When interviewed by reporters, Mr. Patterson said he didn't know whether either of the two gentlemen

was Tony Biddle, Jr., or not...

P. S

We were among those present Opening night... we got in by disguising ourselves as Marjorie and Herman Oelrichs.



Manhattan Madness

The Midtown Club is four blocks further uptown than the Uptown Club... you can't get a Bronx cock-

tail in the Bronx... Broadway isn't as wide as Fifth Ave... Fifth Avenue is really Seventh Ave... Times Square is triangular... Madison Square Garden is twenty-five blocks from Madison Square... Children seldom eat in Childs'... There is no Shakespeare theatre... \$5.50 theatre tickets sell for \$18... A John Gilbert sandwich at Reuben's has no ham in it.

and the initials will rise and appear on the person's palm—the trick is to press your thumb firmly on the initials when picking up the lump of sugar and then transfer the impression to the person's palm when taking his hand and placing it on the glass... another new cocktail—Gin, cream and grenadine... Walter Winchell now on the Mirror, which is cause for reflection but we hope not seven years bad luck... the new backless street-dresses—



the modern American girl certainly shows a lot of back-bone... the Hoboken boom went stale, like its beer... "Tex" Guinan's motto—"If you can build a better souse-trap than your neighbor, etc."

... the New York Taxicab Drivers are the best in the world... which suggests an idea—why don't these new drivers take lessons from the cabbies... any of them would be glad to pick up the extra money and they would turn out real drivers instead of the Sunday zig-zaggers.



Knickerbocker Jr.

Manna-About-Town

The miniature opera-glasses sold in the vicinity of the Woolworth building—you look through them and see the Woolworth building—when you get back uptown you look through them at the Sherry-Netherland and still see the Woolworth building—the trick is a photograph pasted on the lens (Yes, I bought a pair)... the toy saxophones that don't play (Yes, I bought one)... iced chocolate malted-milk with gin... the Initial trick—put a person's initials, in soft pencil, on a lump of sugar—drop the lump of sugar, initial side up, in a glass of water—place the person's hand over the top of the glass, tap the glass with a spoon—



Theatre · by O. O. McIntyre



I AM not so old—that is when you consider the pyramids—but that these all-star revivals of plays of yesteryear unloosed between theatrical seasons receive my lusty vo-deo-do.

They prove the theatre has not gone entirely to pot. "Becky Sharp" revived "for one week only" at the state-ly Knickerbocker was a dramatic gem. Northward the talkies are squawking their furious crescendo and old-time theatrical producers are moaning each other for a nickel a side.

Yet their worry is needless. So long as the legitimate stage can give a revival such gusto and superb cultural charm I predict there will always be audiences. (I am the bright boy who also predicted that the automobile was just a fad.)

This colorful dramatization was in the competent hands of such artists as Mary Ellis, Basil Sydney, Cecilia Loftus, Donald Brian and James T. Powers.

To me "Becky Sharp" was illuminating because it showed to what low estate the speaking stage has fallen. Here was a smooth and striking performance without an off-color line or situation.

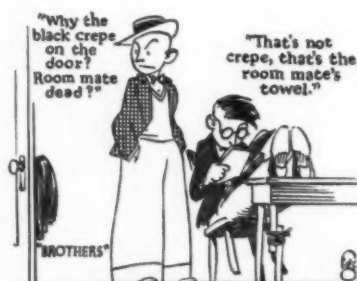
There was not a bed-room scene, a philandering husband, a loose lady, a pathological hybrid with flapping wrists or a gouty dowager puffing black cheroots and cursing like a stable-groom. It had the cleanliness and lightness of a snow flake.

Not in many years have I seen such a distinguished-looking first-night au-

dience or an audience so thoroughly entranced. Here, too, was a cast with a working knowledge of English as it should be spoken. Even those with the briefest lines hoisted them over the footlights with exquisite artistry.

If I were rich—and will that gentleman in A4 gather up his tittering and leave the hall quietly—I would like to take "Becky Sharp" as it was produced for this single week on a tour of America. It would do more than anything I know to prove convincingly that stage decency survives and true artists are genuinely appreciated.

It would show the world that Amer-



ica is not "through" with the theatre but is only weary of punk plays and hammy hams.

The perpetrators of "The Tired Business Man" label it: "Just a Comedy." After all it is their show and if they want to feel that way about it, K. O., as we say at the Union League.

Anyway after seeing it I now know what makes the t.b.m. that way. I had had myself a tough day at the office, what with H. T. Webster taking me for a large order (using his own dice, incidentally), running out of cracked-ice at a "conference" with Norman Anthony, Jr., and sending a sharp cable to our Far East salesman to keep away from the nautch girls.

I went to see "The Tired Business Man" for relaxation because I was completely tuckered out. I remember folding my Inverness coat carefully, crush-

ing my concertina hat, placing my ebony stick on the floor, bowing to Vincent Astor, who took a sudden and quick interest in his program, and watching the curtain rise.

The next thing I knew I came to with a start to find somebody in the seat behind giving me a rough shake and muttering. I cupped an ear while he, pointing at the stage, whispered hoarsely: "They're putting on a show!" Always lightning fast with a come-back I said "Oh!" and sat up straight.

It seemed from goings on that a newspaper publisher out in Topeka had been caught flagrante delicto—watch this page for the latest in Latin phrases—with a brazen little blonde. It was a terribly howdy-do for him as a reporter was pounding on the front door and there he was—a prominent Rotarian and running for office.

His wife had been off visiting her folks and returned just as the scandal flared into a big flame. But like all wives, ha, ha, she knew it wasn't his fault at all. He was just a tired business man seeking a little surcease from the pressing affairs of the day.

There was a lot more to it but the old sand man got me and I went bye bye again. When I looked around the next time the house was empty save for the bull fiddler who was slipping the kimono on his dog-house and preparing to fare forth and brave the scowls and curses of the crowded sidewalk. "The Tired Business Man" lives up to its title. It is just a big yawn.



Movies • by Harry Evans



"Honky Tonk"

THERE is no denying the ability of Sophie Tucker to sing songs that are "hot" and "blue," but there is no reason why an entire feature-length film should have been employed in order to offer Miss Tucker a chance to display this talent. Other than the scenes in which the star sings, "Honky Tonk" is practically devoid of entertainment and only Miss Tucker's most ardent admirers will find these scenes an adequate recompense for the other long, boring stretches of film devoted to the recounting of a poorly told story of mother love.

Sophie is a very popular night-club hostess who makes everybody feel just dandy when they visit her place of business, but all the time her mask of gaiety hides a nature that longs for the little homey things of life such as cooking pancakes, and washing pots. Her one ambition in life is to rear her daughter as a lady, and so, when it comes time for the gal to return from a European finishing school, Sophie resigns her job in order that Betty may never know how her mother secured the money that has gone into her cultivation and refinement. So Sophie manages to keep the terrible truth a secret, despite the fact that her resignation from the night club is featured in front-page newspaper headlines.

Lila Lee, who plays the daughter, gives the best performance in the picture, and manages to bring a definite

amount of interest and charm to a rôle that has been made as unpleasant as possible by direction and dialogue. Just how unbelievably snooty European schools are apt to make young ladies is shown in the scene where Lila says to Sophie, "Call me Beth, mother. Betty sounds so vulgar."

Another sequence worthy of comment is the scene in Sophie's night club during which a number of bibulous college boys who are sitting at one of the tables chant in loud voices, "We want women." It would be interesting to see what would hap-

pen, "Some of These Days," and a very funny comedy patter that deals with the subject of reducing. We hope that Miss Tucker's next picture will be a short one in which she will do nothing but sing. Such a production would be thoroughly entertaining, which "Honky Tonk" is not.

"This Is Heaven"

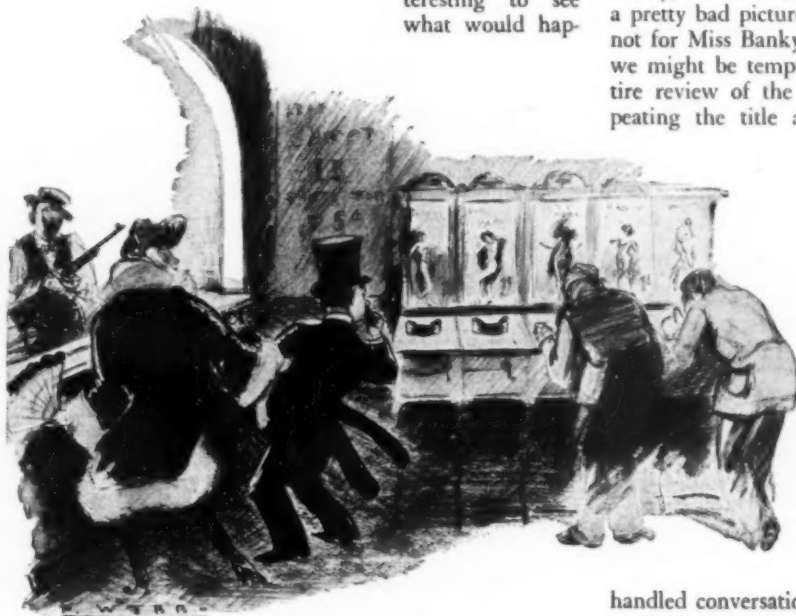
Even to one who is a professed admirer of Vilma Banky's beauty and ability, "This Is Heaven" appears to be a pretty bad picture—in fact if it were not for Miss Banky's pictorial qualities we might be tempted to write the entire review of the film by merely repeating the title and changing one word.

The silent sequences of "This Is Heaven" are quite forgivable, but, in accordance with the present vogue, the producers found it necessary to incorporate dialogue scenes for their advertising value, and it is the poorly

handled conversation that prompts this reviewer to suggest that you pass up the film. Miss Banky, who was born in Hungary, has rather a heavy accent, so the story was constructed with the idea of giving her a chance to play a talkie rôle in which her accent would be necessary and therefore excusable.

The opening scenes show a Hungarian immigrant girl being greeted at Ellis Island by relatives, and in the dialogue passages Miss Banky speaks the sort of English you would expect from a Hungarian immigrant. Then the picture goes silent, and as the story continues, Vilma's conversa-

(Continued on Page 28)



"Here—here—Baxter—we came to shoot!"

pen to a gang of these gay blades if they should try to pull this act in a Broadway night-club.

The dialogue was written by Ager and Yellen, a team of song writers who have composed some of Miss Tucker's greatest hits. According to rumor, these gentlemen were given the dialogue consignment due to the suggestion of Miss Tucker. They should stick to song-writing.

Among the ditties Miss Tucker sings are, "I'm Doing What I'm Doing For

Confidential Guide



Drama

★**BROTHERS.** *Forty-eighth Street.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Bert Lytell in a double role and quite exciting.

CHIPPIES. *Belmont*—This can't last.

DECISION. *Forty-ninth Street*—Don't go. It will probably be closed anyway.

★**JOURNEY'S END.** *Henry Miller's.* \$3.00—If you have been, see it again. The best in town.

★**STREET SCENE.** *Playhouse.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—The study of a tenement which copped the Pulitzer Pazaza.

★**THE CAMEL THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE.** *Guild.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—This has Miriam Hopkins in Czechoslovakian Cinderella stuff.

THE JADE GOD. *Cort*—As thrilling as a drink of tepid water.

THE PERFECT ALIBI. *Charles Hopkins*—A neat mystery, well played.

★**THE LOVE DUEL.** *Ethel Barrymore.* \$3.85—Miss Barrymore fools around with a continental city-chap and sneaks off to St. Moritz to hide her shame.

Comedy

ADAM'S APPLE. *Princess*—To be reviewed later.

★**BIRD IN HAND.** *Moroso.* \$3.85—It is very British and talky but the highbrows love it.

★**JONESY.** *Bijou.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Small town fun when son comes home from school and plops into a scandal.

★**LET US BE GAY.** *Little.* \$4.40—Ray Long has been to see this twice and that bird is a tough audience.

★**LITTLE ACCIDENT.** *Ambassador.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—It strains for laughs but gets them.

★**MY GIRL FRIDAY.** *Republic.* \$3.00—An attempt to be naughty.

NICE WOMEN. *Longacre*—To be reviewed.

★**SHE GOT WHAT SHE WANTED.** *Wallack's.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Still running.

★**SKIDDING.** *Bayes.* \$3.00—One of those Abie's Irish Rose things that fooled the critics.

Eye and Ear

A NIGHT IN VENICE. *Shubert*—Grab a Gondola and catch this one.

★**FOLLOW THRU.** *Chanin's Forty-sixth Street.* \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60—Zelma O'Neal stamping around.

★**HELLO DADDY.** *Erlanger's.* \$4.40—Lew Fields is the daddy.

★**HOLD EVERYTHING.** *Broadhurst.* \$5.50—Pugilistic patter to music.

HOT CHOCOLATES. *Hudson*—To be reviewed.

THE GRAND STREET FOLLIES. *Booth*—An evening mimicry of seasonal plays.

★**THE NEW MOON.** *Imperial.* \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60—Music that lifts, if you know what we mean.

★**THE LITTLE SHOW.** *Music Box.* \$4.40—Sat. Hol. \$5.50—Clifton Webb cavorts. Fred Allen wise cracks. Hot.

Movies

HONKY TONK. (TALKIE) *Warner Brothers*—Reviewed in this issue.

THIS IS HEAVEN. (TALKING SEQUENCES) *United Artists*—Reviewed in this issue.

FATHER AND SON. (TALKING SEQUENCES) *Columbia*—Mickey McBan is great, but the rest is not so good.

THE COCONUTS. (TALKIE) *Paramount*—The Marx Brothers and a flock of hilarious wise cracks. Lots of fun.

★See paragraphs below.

ON WITH THE SHOW. (TALKIE) *Warner Brothers*—Beautiful color photography in an effective musical extravaganza done in the Ziegfeld manner.

MADAME X. (TALKIE) *Metro-Goldwyn*—Don't miss Ruth Chatterton in this one. Lewis Stone and Ulrich Haupt also give swell performances.

Supper Clubs

***Dressy.** *C Cover Charge. H Head Waiter.* **AMBASSADOR GRILL.** *Park Ave. at 51st.* Nice quiet place to dance and dine. *C.\$1.50-\$2.00.

CLUB LIDO. *7th Ave. at 52nd.* Smart place. *C.\$5.00. H.Cabiati.

MONTMARTE. *Broadway at 50th.* Best place in town and cool. *C.\$3.00. H.Charlie.

CHATEAU MADRID. *231 W. 54th.* Fair. C.\$2.00.

Roof Gardens

ST. REGIS. *5th Ave. at 55th.* Grand place. *C.\$1.50. H.Eugene.

CASANOVA. *134 W. 52nd.* Good crowd but not much of a roof. C.\$3.00.

ASTOR ROOF. *B'way and 45th.* Fair. C.\$1.00. H.Groiss.

RITZ CARLTON. *Madison at 46th.* Open only until 11:30. *C.\$1.00. H.Theodor.

PARK CENTRAL. *7th Ave. at 56th.* Nice place. C.\$1.50-\$2.50. H.Williams.

ALAMAC. *Broadway at 71st.* Fair. C.\$1.00-\$2.00. H.Berrier.

BOSSERT. *Montague and Remsen st., Brooklyn.* Worth the trip. C.\$1.00-\$2.00. H.Nicholas.

PENNSYLVANIA. *7th Ave. at 33rd.* Hotel crowd. C.\$1.00.

MCALPIN. *B'way at 34th.* Ditto. C.\$1.00.

(Continued on Page 26)

Life's Ticket Service

HOW LIFE READERS CAN GET GOOD ORCHESTRA SEATS AT BOX OFFICE PRICES

★We render this service without profit solely in the interest of our readers.

★If you are going to be in New York, Life's Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office.

★Good seats are available for attractions above indicated by stars and at prices noted.

All orders for tickets must reach Life Office at least seven days before date of performance. Check for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box-office on the evening of the performance.

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IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET-SCALPERS SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

...

In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked to send two alternative choices of shows with each selection, in case Life's quota of seats

for that performance is exhausted. Remittance will have to cover the cost of the highest priced seats asked for. Any excess amount will be refunded.

...

LIFE will be glad to make appropriate selections for purchasers if they will indicate with order the type of show preferred and remit amount to cover top prices. Any excess amount will be refunded by return mail.

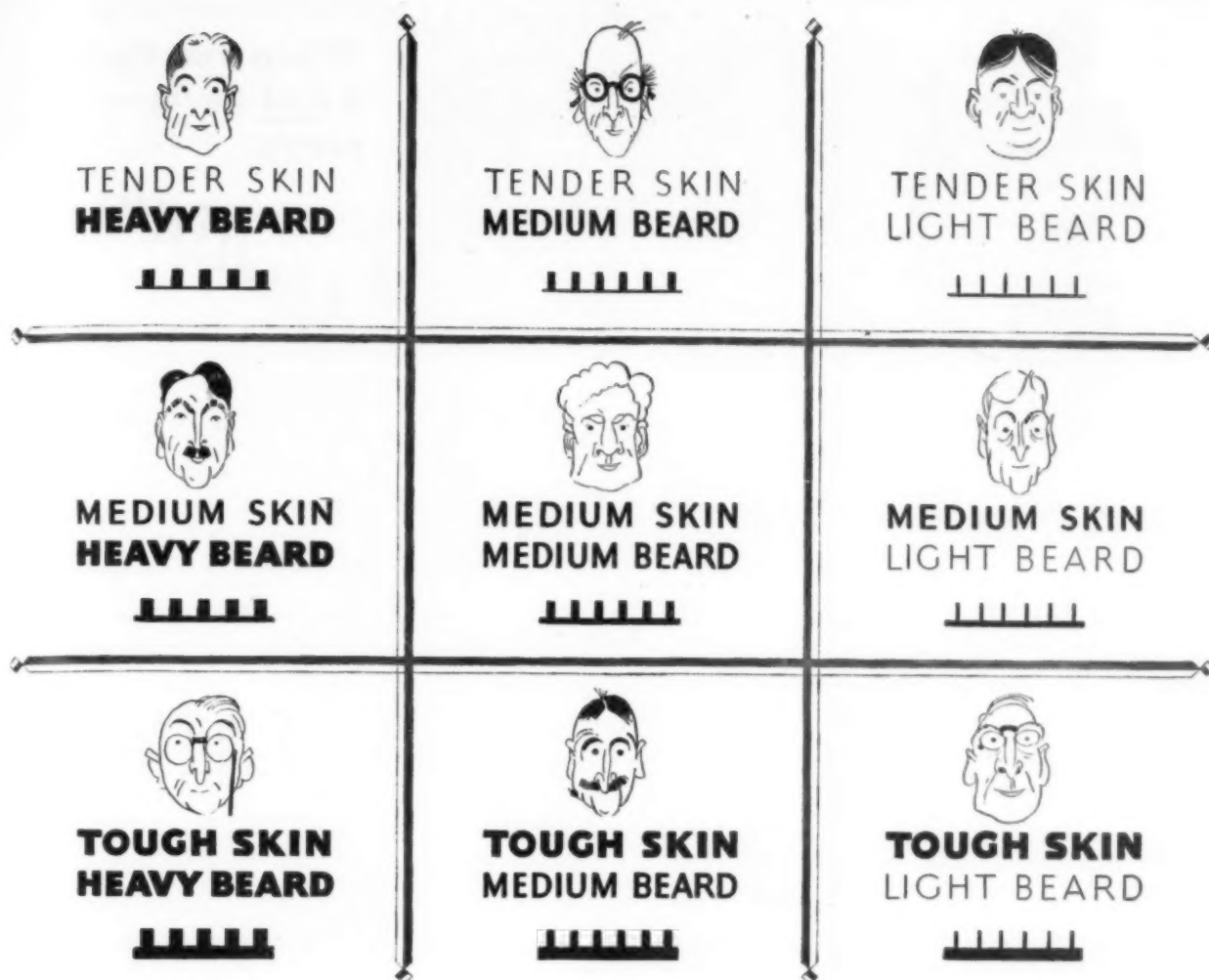
...

NO ORDERS FOR SEATS TAKEN OVER THE TELEPHONE.

...

No money refunded on orders without seven days' notice.

PURCHASE ORDER WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 32



Name your beard, Gentlemen

BEARDS are past reforming. Blue and bristly or blond and silken, they're all hard to shave—at least you can't tell their owners otherwise.

We don't try to.

It's easier to put the burden on the blade; to use the best and most expensive steel and to spend, as we have, some \$12,000,000 in the past ten years to develop precise and delicate machines that hone and strop that fine steel far beyond the limits of human craftsmanship. It's easier to pay a bonus to workers for every blade they

reject which does not come up to the high Gillette standard.

True, it makes some difference whether your beard is heavy or silken, your skin sensitive or

tough; whether the water is hot or cold, hard or soft; whether you slept well or badly the night before.

But even under the worst possible conditions you can count on the Gillette Blade to do its job smoothly, surely and well. It's the one constant factor in your daily shave. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

King Gillette



THE only individual in history, ancient or modern, whose picture and signature are found in every city and town, in every country in the world, is King C. Gillette. This picture and signature are universal sign - language for a perfect shave.



★ **Gillette** ★



HITTING THE HIGH SPOTS

WHEN you hustle and hurry through your morning shave, if the razor skims over parts of your face—if it only hits the high spots of your beard—something isn't clicking. Like as not, it's the shaving cream. Then's the time to turn to Squibb's Shaving Cream—to the cool, smooth, thorough shave that Squibb's always gives.

Experts studied and experimented for four years to perfect Squibb's Shaving Cream. For months they tested it in a barber-shop. It's a great shaving cream.

The only way to get to know the bland shaving comfort that Squibb's gives you, is to try it. Drop into any drug store and buy a tube. Only 40c.

Copyright 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons



A SHAVING CREAM BY SQUIBB

Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 24)

Country Night Clubs

- ARROWHEAD INN, *Riverside Ave.* Nice place. (Out B'way to 246)
 PELHAM HEATH INN, Good place. (Pelham Parkway)
 POST LODGE, Good place, good music. (Post Road past New Rochelle)
 SHOWPLACE, *Valley Stream*, "Tex" Guinan's new home. (Merrick Road)
 PAVILLION ROYAL, Nice place, good crowd. (Merrick Road)
 WINDBEAM CABIN, near Montclair. Also great. (Holland Tunnel, to Montclair, Pompton Turnpike to Riverdale)
 CANARY COTTAGE, Madison, Nice. (Hollana Tunnel to Madison)
 BLUE HILLS PLANTATION, Plainfield. Very nice. (Holland Tunnel to Plainfield)

Dance Numbers

(Sheet Music)

- "Or What Have You" (Little Show)
 "Hut in Hoboken" (Little Show)
 "Moanin' Low" (Little Show)
 "Love Lady" (No show)
 "Baby's Awake Now" (Spring is Here)
 "That's Living" (No show)
 "I Want To Be Bad" (Follow Thru)
 "Maybe, Who Knows?" (No show)

Records

- ORANGE BLOSSOM TIME—(2) YOUR MOTHER AND MINE (Columbia)
 Paul Whiteman's latest, both grand.
 THIS IS HEAVEN—(2) SLEEPY VALLEY (Victor)
 (1) A peach of a tune.
 (2) Good waltz.
 BUILDING A NEST FOR MARY—(2) KIDS AGAIN (Victor)
 (1) Very hot and marvelously played.
 (2) Includes vocal trio.
 I'LL DO ANYTHING FOR YOU—(2) I'VE GOT A FEELING I'M FALLING (Columbia)
 Sung by the "Mystery Girl," but it sounds mighty like Helen Kane.
 EVANGELINE—(2) DREAM MOTHER (Columbia)
 (1) Grand waltz melody, includes vocal, and guitar solos.
 (2) Only fair.



"Are you a beta beta?"
 "No—why?"
 "Well, you sure know the grip!"

When you throw
a real party—
serve

Apollinaris

Your
guests will at once see
that you wish them
to have only the best.

The Finest Sparkling Table Water
in the World

Sole Importers: Apollinaris Agency Co.
Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, New York



June 28, 1929

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Number 2434

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"REACH FOR A LUCKY INSTEAD OF A SWEET."



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Dramatic Star

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Only the finest tobacco—the cream of the crop—is used in Lucky Strike Cigarettes. Leaders of sport, art and fashion testify to the improved flavor. 20,679* physicians say toasting does in fact make Luckies less irritating to the throat. And the public confirms these opinions. Increase in sales, greater than all other cigarettes combined, prove world-wide confidence in Lucky Strike.

* The figures quoted have been checked and certified to by LY-BRAND, HOSS BROS. AND MONTGOMERY, Accountants and Auditors.

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President,
The American Tobacco Company,
Incorporated

"REACH FOR A LUCKY INSTEAD OF A SWEET"

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

LIFE's Title Contest

(See Page 18)

CONDITIONS

LIFE will pay \$1,000 in prizes for the best titles for the picture on Page 18. By "best" is meant the cleverest and shortest. The Editors of LIFE will be the judges.

Titles may be original or quotations from well known authors. They must not exceed twenty words. Contestants may submit as many titles as they wish, but none will be returned.

The contest is now open to everybody and will close *midnight July 31*.

Should two or more persons submit the same winning title, each one will be awarded the full amount of the prize tied for.

The final award will be announced as early as possible after the close of the contest and checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcement of the awards.

Address all titles to LIFE's Title Contest, 508 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

CONTEST CLOSING JULY 31.

Movies

(Continued from Page 23)

tion is represented by perfectly good English sentences that are shown in the subtitles. Suddenly the characters break into dialogue again, and you realize that the subtitles were only fooling and that Vilma's English really hasn't improved much since the day she landed.

James Hall plays opposite Miss Banky and takes the part of the fairy prince in the form of a wealthy young man who makes believe he's a chauffeur. The average audience will get the usual amount of kick that audiences get out of being in cahoots with the leading man in his secret and in waiting for the time when he will admit that the big house and the big car are really his very own, and that they will be hers, too, if she will only say one magic little word.

But even with this hackneyed theme, Miss Banky's performance would have made the picture passably good—without the dialogue. So here we have a paradox. If the dialogue had been left out, "This Is Heaven" would have been a better movie but a poorer box-office attraction. After all, however, motion-picture producers must live.



It's your chain. You can own the kind you wish. You can wear it when you please. But you can't get around this . . . the choice of the right chain inevitably reflects a cultivated taste. Simmons Chains are carefully, thoughtfully designed, quite in keeping with the modern spirit . . . and what is more, they do justice to your watch! The chain above is 30711, a gold-filled Waldemar at nine dollars. Your jeweler will be glad to show you this attractive chain, together with many other Simmons designs . . . equally smart, equally reasonable in price. R. F. Simmons Co., Attleboro, Mass.



Rexall

A KITFUL OF SAFETY TO GUARD AGAINST INFECTION



Here's instant treatment when something happens! The First-aid Emergency Kit is equipped with disinfectant, absorbent cotton, gauze, surgical plaster, iodine, ammonia and other requisites needed when someone is hurt or suddenly taken ill. Take it along for safety on your vacation—on hikes—on auto trips. Compact, light, easy to carry and pack. Rexall First-aid Emergency Kits are sold only at Rexall Stores. Save with safety at your

Rexall

DRUG STORE



There is one near you. You will recognize it by this sign. Liggett's are also Rexall Stores.

Jumping at Conclusions

Note—When reading a story that breaks over to another page, include the "continued" line with the last line and see what you get. LIFE will pay five dollars for each one printed, but remember other people read the same magazines you do and the first one in gets the five. Send them to the Conclusion Editor, Life, 598 Madison Ave., New York. Conclusions must be clipped from newspaper or magazine. None will be returned.

Their misery was complete; the poor princess did not know if her husband were dead or continued on page 104.
—Photoplay.

This ceremony is called *Tashlich*, which means concluded on page 88.
—*Jewish Tribune*.

And by this time the bull had continued on page 44.
—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

On May thirtieth, Pope Pius will
turn to page 2, col. 6.
—*Denver Post.*

The next instant two mounted policemen rode up and informed me in German that I was continued on page 50.

—Collier's.

Anthony continued to sit before the fire. The heels of Aline tapped lightly above his head—she was doubtless, poor child, considering what she continued on page 46.

"She was aiming to run away with that young Jellett—run away tonight. And I guess you know what continued on page 165.

On the door of the Gregory law office in the Balfour Building in San Francisco, the name of Herbert Hoover is inconspicuously continued on page 160. —*World's Work*.

Glass of Soda with tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters a good tonic and palatable. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

"Hang it all," he said, sticking out his chin, "this is concluded on next page."
—*Liberty.*



SECOND (*busy with sponge*): Funny thing, 'Arry, you begin to remind me o' somebody.
—Punch (*by permission*)

It keeps teeth WHITE

**"There are smiles" . . . went the popular song . . .
"that make you happy." "Happy" is right.**

For a flashing smile makes you attractive and popular—and popularity brings happiness.

**To have white teeth—gleaming teeth—healthy teeth,
chew Dentyne.**

Chew Dentyne—and SMILE. No other chewing gum has ever matched its delicate spicy flavor. No other, say chicle experts, has ever matched its pliant "chewy" quality.

Buy a whole box today so you'll never be without it.



Chew DENTYNE
...and smile!



SIR, THIS IS AN OUTRAGE!



According to the press of the day, the moral disintegration of the American people was sealed the night "Little Egypt" danced the hootchy-kootchy at Old Sherry's—way back in the 80's.* "This, certainly, is the set-in of social decay," said Peaches Chapman, who raided the dinner, but after almost a half-century the American people are still doing nicely.

Even before that famous party, Melachrino Cigarettes added a note of distinction to every occasion, as they do today. Their pure Turkish tobacco—the choicest and most costly grown—makes them the *finest quality cigarettes in America*.

*Ref. Sat. Eve. Post, Sept. 18, 1926.

Do You Play Bridge? Then Clip This Coupon

The Union Tobacco Company
511 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

Gentlemen: Please send me your Melachrino Bridge offer of (1) 60 Melachrino Cigarettes—Cork tips, Straw tips and Plain ends, (2) the score pad with the latest rules of contract bridge, (3) two packs of the famous gilt-edge Congress Cards, free of any advertising, bearing my monogram, \$4.75 value, for which I enclose my check for \$2.50.

M. 6-23-29

Initials _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

MELACHRINO CIGARETTES

1879-1929 — 50 YEARS A LEADER
QUALITY STANDS THE TEST OF TIME



STRAW TIPS
CORK TIPS
PLAIN ENDS
10 for 15c
Large Size 30c

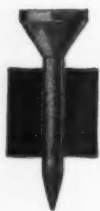
© THE UNION TOBACCO COMPANY

A spectator at a recent important golf match was described as having a beard like a burnt gorse-bush. Fortunately no question arose as to the procedure in playing a ball out of it.
—Punch.

FILM ACTOR (to latest wife): What a beautiful necklace! Who gave it to you?

LATEST WIFE (a cinema actress): My next husband. Pretty, isn't it?
—Tit-Bits.

You can't miss 'em on REDDY TEES



Almost impossible to dub the ball when she's setting up so pretty on a Reddy Tee. No mental hazard either, as a Reddy lets you tee up high or low—just right for a good, clean smack. All the low card players use Reddy Tees. They'll help your game, too, and add to your comfort and pleasure. Tee up with Reddy Tees. Your professional sells them.



The

REDDY TEE

Buy from your "Pro"

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from Page 14)

such as Will Durant's "The Mansions of Philosophy," for Lord! I am so steeped in mystery fiction of late that I shrink from touching my silver toilet articles for fear of leaving finger-prints, and in the watches of last night when the hour for my dosage arrived, my dread of passing darkened doors was so great that I required Samuel to accompany me to the medicine-chest.

JUNE 6—Beseeching my husband this morning for an honest compliment, he did instance as proof of a beautiful character my willingness to serve him and our guests with my favorite pickles when I could eat none of them myself, so straightway to the pantry to see how many jars remained, and there were but seven, so now I must seek a more expedient medium whereby to demonstrate generosity. Off to gymnasium to play handball and do the over-heads, at some inconvenience to my other appointments for the day, which does never fail to mind me that Chauncey Depew attributed his longevity on one score to the fact that he did never take any exercise, but if I am to play tennis creditably this summer, I must put in a certain amount of preliminary leaping. To luncheon at the new Casino in the Park, finding Sidney Toler, a playactor, at the table reserved for me, nor would he relinquish it, neither, even at earnest requests from the *maitre d'hotel* and sable looks from me and Betsy Thomas. This night to see the Players Club revival of "Becky Sharp," and during the ballroom scene I did reflect on the Duchess of Richmond's probable relief at having such a party broken up even by so drastic an agency as a call to arms. Some lines which I once wrote did also keep floating through my mind:

"Love Virtue, she alone is free,"

Wrote Milton, with precision deadly,
Yet Becky Sharp as company

Was better than Amelia Sedley.

No moral pointed thereby, of course, save the implication that almost any chicanery is tolerable if you are aware of it.



EDITOR: Such rot! Who wrote this drivel?
SECRETARY: You did. That's your editorial.

Friendly to your digestion



NEARLY everybody needs a mild digestive stimulant after meals. The perfect aid to digestion is Beeman's Pepsin Gum. Beeman's is mild . . . delicious . . . smooth . . . It's so good, that you'll want to hurry through a meal for the after-dinner stick . . . Buy a whole box today, so you'll always have it the minute you want it.

BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN
GUM
aids digestion



Life in Washington

DIPLOMATIC delirium tremens convulsed official society when Sir Esmé Howard announced that the British Embassy would really go dry. There was some talk of the Chilean Embassy adding a "me-too" chaser to this shot of outraged diplomatic immunity but so far none of the heads of mission has been trampled in the rush for the water-wagon. Dear Mabel Willebrandt had barely returned to the costumer the props. for the "Joan of Arc of Prohibition" get-up than the President recommended to Congress a reorganization of dry-enforcement. Ardent drys are beginning to wonder whether they elected Hoover, after all, or merely beat Smith.

At any rate, the Democrats are coming out of the ether and the unterrified Donkey already has some flowers for the political sick-room. They are now beginning to talk of Owen Young for President in 1932! So far the "Draft J. P. Morgan" movement has made little headway, it being one of the few Morgan drafts more honored in the breach than the observance. Even so, the elections of 1930 are beginning to loom hopefully before this cock-eyed capital. The Democrats have a new boss—Jouett Shouse, whose name suggests a wet leaning, if not reeling—and the Republicans have pried Dr. Work away from his post as head of the National Committee. The keynote has already been struck by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler's denunciation of the tariff. Let's see—Butler's last choice for a winning issue was a wet plank in the Republican platform, but who ever heard of a butler who didn't fool with liquor?

Five hundred French Chambers of Commerce have demanded retaliation against our tariff. This is still considerably short of the requisite number of Frenchmen who can't be wrong. Some surprise was expressed in Senatorial circles that Vesuvius had gone into eruption, until it was pointed out that even Mussolini has to take an occasional afternoon off. One of President Hoover's week-end fishing parties recently got stuck in the mud of Virginia, making only eight miles in two hours. It was pointed out, however, by friends of Bishop Cannon, the Methodist Boss of the Old Dominion, that this was better time than Al Smith made last November. —J. F.

Golfers!
THE KING
O'
THEM ALL
is now
85¢
[\$10 a dozen]

Little wonder there has been rejoicing far and wide at the announcement the King is now 85c.

In its native England the King has always been the top heavy favorite with amateur and "pro" alike. In America golfers have gladly paid \$1 or more for the ball. Even manufacturers have conceded the palm to the Silver King as "the most carefully made ball in the world."

At 85c it's better psychology than ever to play the best ball that money can buy.



SILVER KING
THE SILVERTOWN CO.
LONDON

John Wanamaker
NEW YORK

Sole United States Distributors

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you toss a lighted firecracker and
it lands in your mother-in-law's lap . . .
be nonchalant . . . Light a MURAD.



© P Lorillard Co., Est., 1760

LIFE's Theatre Ticket Service

598 Madison Ave., New York City

PURCHASE ORDER

(Instructions for using on Page 24)

Dear LIFE:

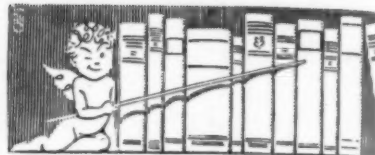
I want tickets for the following shows:

.....
(Name of show) (No. Seats) (Date)
.....
(Alternates)

Check for

\$.....
enclosed

Name
Address



From The New Books

At nine my little doings are begun
I thumb the thumbly files and note
the day,
And write on some small doing that
is done—
"O K."

—*The Lady is Cold* by E. B. W.

My father was the master of the "Minnie J. Cohen," a six-masted brigantine schooner, or sloop, which was engaged in the copra trade between the islands of the South Seas and Australia, or "Russia" as it was called in those days. Copra-trading was a rather dangerous business, for as everyone knows the copra is deadly poisonous, and one of my earliest childhood memories is of lying in my little bunk and listening to these vicious copras in the hold. In exchange for copras we used to bring back oakum, which was shipped to the United States in large quantities to be used in the manufacture of sea stories.

—*Salt Water Taffy*
by Corey Ford.

Biarritz rises languidly about noon, pulls on a bathing suit and a kimono, and drives down to the beach. After a hasty dip one drives slowly back, exchanging remarks with acquaintances in equal dishabille in other cars, and dresses for lunch. Before lunch one takes a cocktail at La Chaumiere.

—*From Deauville to Monte Carlo* by Basil Woon.

It is a delicate question in psychology today whether our young people find more pleasure in their strutting sins than their elders find in denouncing them. Life, from the point of view of morals, seems to be divided into two periods; in the first we indulge, in the second we preach; passion yields to caution, and the great currents of desire become the winds of speech; the tempo of life slackens, the mood changes, and senility finds it hard to forgive youth. "Truth" in these matters is a function of age and "immorality" is other people's morals.

—*Mansions of Philosophy*
by Will Durant.

P A C K A R D



*Over uncharted seas New
England clipper ships sought
and found a rich commerce
—establishing permanent
trade routes*



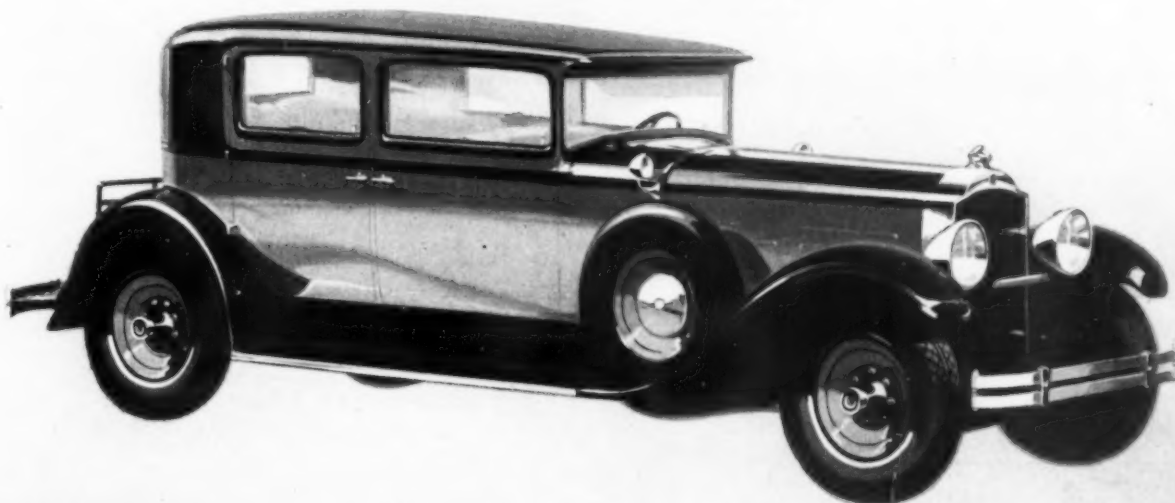
The log of Packard achievement records the sailing of many uncharted waters—the marking of many new channels of progress for the guidance of an industry. Packard has most often found the way now generally followed.

For thirty years a policy of creative research has contributed to Packard supremacy. The automatic spark advance, spiral bevel gears, four wheel brakes, instant chassis lubrication and now a unique and exclusive shock absorbing system—these are but

a few of today's proven motor car features originated or sponsored by Packard.

Packard's reputation for advanced engineering and design is firmly established—in the air and on the water as on the highway. Packard's intent is ever to excel—to build for a discriminating and growing clientele a motor car of acknowledged quality leadership, both mechanically and artistically. Those at the helm of Packard management will hold to no other course.

A S K T H E M A N W H O O W N S O N E



"Meet me at the soda fountain"



The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

MUCH depends upon a good start. That's why women meet so often at a cool and cheerful soda fountain to begin shopping and marketing—to pause to join friends and be refreshed with an ice-cold Coca-Cola. This pause that refreshes puts all on good terms with themselves and with the world. There's a cheery top-of-the-morning

feeling in a glass of ice-cold Coca-Cola. A tingling, delicious taste. A cool after-sense of refreshment. A perfect blend of many flavors, it has a flavor all its own.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

Served in its own thin, crystal-like glass. This glass insures the right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup and ice-cold carbonated water. The final touches are to add a little finely chipped ice and stir with a spoon until the sparkling bubbles bead at the brim.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD



TO GET WHERE IT IS

